

Luchowfu, Anhwei,  
Dec. 14, 1924.

Dearest Mother and all,

It has been quite a while since I last wrote to you, but these Peking letters will balance this I guess. All this time we have been in excellent health and studying four or five hours daily. Also, we have been feasted by Chinese friends and tried as best we could to get adjusted to our new home and circle of friends.

I want to thank you + papa, Moe + Roy for the \$35-check for our Xmas sewing machine. It is now ordered from Shanghai and will be in Wuhu in time for some of our folks to bring up; on their way <sup>back</sup> from a convention at Hanking about Jan. 1st. [All mail + parcels post is delivered here. But express or freight comes only as far as Wuhu and we get it from there by going down and personally bringing it up or by leaving it there until some one comes up from Hanking or Wuhu following a conference, committee meeting, or business.]

We have also received an Xmas package from you and one from Bernice + John which we thank you for though we haven't seen the contents yet. The aluminum also came O.K. Grace will talk to <sup>you</sup> about that.

I received a \$5 check from the Berean class which

we are going to use ~~this~~ for local Xmas gifts (to the Church's white gifts + Chinese + foreign kiddies)

### My First Luchowfu Chinese Feast.

One afternoon Chên K'ê Chin, a young Chinese gentleman who speaks beautiful English and was to have been sent to America by our Mission for study [see his picture in the Luchowfu World Call, page 2], <sup>was calling</sup> when a folded, red piece of cardboard was brought in by the hospital gateman. The writing on this red epistle was all in Chinese characters and I couldn't read it. I knew by its redness that it was an invitation to a feast, ~~so~~ I asked Mr. Chên to translate for me. He told me that Dr. Tsai, a former student of Dr. Butchart, was giving a feast in my honor. The ~~way~~ he could tell it was in my honor was that my name appeared first on the list, that is the first one on the right hand side. So under my name <sup>柯先生</sup> I wrote <sup>知道</sup> which means "understand" & you might say "I get you Steve!"

The regulation Chinese feast is prepared and served by a caterer and eight guests are invited. There are different



kinds of feasts which you may have  
 catered in for you depending on the  
 size of your pocket book, or the  
 rank of the honored guest, or the  
 amount of "face" you wish to gain  
 by it. These feasts are according to  
 formula, set by old established custom  
 and can't be altered. That is if  
 you order one kind of a feast you get  
 a certain number of dishes, and that  
 feast always has the same kind of  
 dishes. You order the feast by the name  
 of the main or most expensive dish.  
 Viz. a Shark's Fin feast, a Bird's Nest Soup  
 feast, etc. I wasn't so well upon the  
 the names of the things I was getting to  
 eat at this my first feast as I am  
 even now so I don't know the name  
 of my first feast; I only knew that  
 all tasted mighty good.

This feast was scheduled for 5 P.M., and  
 at 4:30 a servant called for us and led us  
 to the appointed place. (A rather clever  
 idea if you wish to be sure that all  
 get there in decent time.) That's the  
 way the Chinese do; send a servant  
 after you when it is time to come.  
 We were met at the street door and

led back thru a number of courtyards and doorways to the guest room where pairs of chairs, with a small tea table between each pair, were arranged around the walls of the room.

When all guests had arrived we were asked to proceed to the banquet room. Then the wrestling matches began. With the host insisting on your going thru the door first and with just as emphatic a polite resisting <sup>you</sup> refusing to be thus honored the contest goes "politely" on until one by one. ~~They~~ have been overpowered by the perhaps feeble strength of the host and all are safely within the dining hall & the round table with its eight round stools. There again another contest ensues until all are seated at their proper ranking place of honor according to the order in which their name had appeared from right to left on the invitation.

When seated, each one found at his place (I say his place for only men are invited to men's feasts & women to women's feasts) a pair of chopsticks, a dish the size of a butter dish, and a copper spoon. Then the waiters brought on about eight bowls of different kinds of



meat or egg dishes such as smoked ham, roast beef, thousand-year-old eggs, fried chicken, water chestnut, etc all cut up in convenient sizes for one bite. (The Chinese say they use the knife in the kitchen instead of at the table.) These bowls are left on most of the meal with room in the center of the table for the different course-bowls.

Then one by one different bowls of food - shrimp with delicious gravy, crab, fish, sweet potato, shark's fins, bird's nest soup, sea slugs, <sup>more</sup> mushrooms, beans, pork, roast duck skin, then the roast duck meat with a doughy dumpling, lotus seed soup, chicken soup + noodles, a chop suey, a sweet fritter like affair fried in deep fat, etc, until about 40 or 50 courses have been served. Then all is cleared off and each is given a bowl of rice + tea and other bowls of food are set in the center of the table.

When the steaming bowl is brought in and set in the middle of the table the host takes his chopsticks in hand or spoon if it is a soup dish and points to dish as if about to help himself but waiting until some one else does it first. Others follow suit but wait until the guest of honor has

taken the first bite. Then all dip into the same bowl and continue doing so until as they figure the correct amount of stomach space allowed for one course has been taken up. The host is kept busy picking out choice morsels with his own chop sticks and placing them on ~~the~~ some guests' "butter plate". This is his way of watching out for your interests. With the soup dishes all likewise dip all the spoons into the same bowl & whoop it in with great relish & much noise. At most feasts wine is at the side of each place all the time, but not so at this feast for Dr. Tsai is a Christian.

After dinner we wrestled back to the guest room where we nibbled on water-melon seeds & tangerine oranges until time to bid good night to our host. By the light of an American made lantern and John D's oil we were conducted thru the maze of narrow streets to our homes.

A Chinese feast is somewhat of an endurance race. It's not the 100-yard sprint, nor the running high jump, nor the standing broad jump, but the sitting big stomach that counts.



Dec 16, 1924

Dear Folks-

My! how I do appreciate my fine gift of a sewing machine. Doug obligingly calls it part his gift but he is just being nice. It's the one thing that I need very badly about my house. I have borrowed Laura Lynne Major's work to make Phyllis some warm play clothes and to get the cushions and upholstering for my living room done. But she lives way down in the busy part of the city at the woman's center, and my big chunky Coolie had to get another man to help him and thus they carried it between them half a mile or so thru the crowded streets. Can you imagine it? The model I am getting is the one used commonly by Chinese tailors - <sup>a Singer</sup> good solid mechanism, the long shuttle, not a drop head, just one drawer. Not an especially classy machine. But one that will last me all my life, and not wear out with the hard wear a Chinese tailor gives it. I thank you all a hundred thousand thanks, and know that it meant a sacrifice on your part as well as on Doug's for giving up his type writer for something I needed, and I love every one of you heaps for it. I am going to have lots of fun making Phyllis' cute little dresses this spring. I am not going to let a tailor do them. He can do big heavy things like mattress covers and Doug's shirts.

The cook and I are surely enjoying the new aluminium. The tea kettle with the double boiler inset and the food warmer is such a help with Phyllis' little dishes that we are always wanting to warm up. The two big saucepans and lids went to Mrs. Savis - so, next time you write be sure and tell me how much they cost, for I want to settle up with her soon. The servants can't get the point of my tea pot. They can't see why any one should want to take the tea leaves out. They start out with a handful of leaves in the bottom of the pot in the morning and make them last all day, adding more boiling water when necessary. They never think of drinking anything cold. That's one thing that saves their lives I suppose.

X We are going to have a fine Christmas I think. We have six nice packages filled up in the guest room closet waiting for the day to come. I am going to have my coolie go outside the city gate and get me a tree. We have some ornaments from Gorn. Ward and we have lovely holly growing right here in the compound. We are having our old carpenter make a kiddie car for Phyllis which is to be her nicest present. We have such grand side-walks, but she needs something to push + pull on them. I know she'll love something that she can make go!



We gave the male nurses of the hospital a dinner party at our home last week, in honor of Mr. Lee a new graduate nurse, who has just arrived. It was a real American dinner party from invitations to the last game and it was lots of fun, for most of the boys had never eaten with knives and forks before.

The invitations were formal and written in English + ended up with R. S. V. P. Dr. Chien, one of our staff who reads English, translated for them but didn't know what the R. S. V. P. meant; and I didn't get any answers until I explained it to him and he passed the word on.

A day after that they started to come in all written in English. This is a sample:-

"My dear Dr. + Miss. Corpron

I will come to your home at Friday and happy with you. So I am many thanks to you for your kind to me.

Your loving  
B.K. Yeh"

They ate before they came for fear they wouldn't like foreign food; but they liked what we had alright and ate a regular sized meal.

They were just like a bunch of American boys the way they were ready to laugh suppressingly at the other's mistakes at

juggling the knives and forks. They watched Grace and I, who sat at either end of the long table, to see how each thing should be done and we obligingly at such times deliberately went thru the operation. The first time the biscuits went around some got them mixed up with their rice & gravy & chicken and ate them with knives & forks. Others managed to deposit them on the bread & butter plates but put a hunk of butter and jam on top of it & ate it with knife & fork. One fellow threw a b. on the floor in good Chinese fashion before he got a nudge and a tip from his neighbor who another had his bone all neatly hid under the edge of his plate.

I kept the phonograph going to fill in for our lack of ability at polite Chinese conversation, and also to relieve myself of a good laugh at some amusing incident.

After dinner we played pean-bags, and races with carrying peanuts on a knife, etc and ate homemade candy. All had a fine time. They were especially interested in our photo albums. They are keen to see pictures of things Western. They especially like wedding pictures.



for a few. So my idea is to limit  
our medical work to the best scientific  
service we are able to give within  
easy reach of our well established  
work.

Nov. 12, 1924.

This morning we walked out  
20 li to a place called Se ten tiao  
where the Chinese evangelists held two  
street meetings and distributed  
Bible tracts and sold the four  
Gospels at 1 copper each. They sold  
200 Gospels in this one village. I took  
some pictures of these meetings and  
the rushing business in selling  
Gospels which I will send later.

At this place we saw a hospital  
with western medicine on its shelves.  
This "doctor" was formerly probably  
a nurse for a year or two in  
some mission hospital where he  
learned to dress wounds and  
give quinine and now is out on  
his own hook.

On our return I saw several  
interesting things. As we passed  
one of the family villages (all in these  
villages are of one name) about 15 children  
ran out to watch us pass. All of  
them had Trachoma and could hardly

open their eyes wide enough in the bright sunlight to see us.

We also passed two rather well dressed men walking beside two donkeys loaded with bags of food and decorated with red saddle clothes.

The evangelists informed us that these were middlemen for the making of arrangements for engagements. They take the proposal of marriage from the boy's home together with presents to the girl's home. A lucky day selected by certain positions of the sun, moon, & stars. Everything in China is done on "lucky days". They are engaged on lucky days, married on lucky days, and the coffin is held in the household for months for a "lucky" day & place.

When we got back to Liang Yuan it was 3 o'clock. We had dinner and then I ran a over-run clinic until dark and had to stop in ~~the~~ a bombardment of requests for medicine and advice, etc. There was one very





CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

R. M. S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

The rickshas stopped and we had to climb a path. The path first reaches the Men-daki, or "Female Fall," 43 ft. high; then returning a few yards and crossing a stone bridge, it climbs to tea-houses which command a view of the upper On-daki, or "Male Fall," 82 ft. high. Here we each had a bottle of lemon pop, costing 5 <sup>sen</sup> or 2½ cents, and I bought two <sup>kind</sup> horn chopsticks for you and Bernice at the upper tea house. A fine view of Kobe and harbor is to be had from the path leading up this hill, and I took some pictures.

Upon returning to the boat Grad and I left the baby with a friend and took an ~~hour~~ ride up thru the beautiful, quaint houses of the rich on the mountain; with their walled courtyard and filled with gardens and the picturesque Japanese ~~open~~ straggly pine trees. We also saw the fine residences of the foreigners; getting back at dark when all the carts and rich shas were lighted with Japanese

paper lanterns and candles. But Kobe has a railroad, and a street-car line, that runs the cars on the left side of the street; and it is all electric lighted.

The day after Kobe we had the prettiest part of our journey so far; thru the islands of the Inland Sea. But I'll leave the description of that until later.

We have a canvas swimming tank erected on our aft deck now, and I was in this salt-water-filled tank almost all morning. The water is continuously being pumped



from the sea into this tank  
and it overflows the top.

a few days ago we  
had winter. Now it is  
almost a tropical summer.

I mailed to you from  
Kobe, a Sunday newspaper  
with pictures of the earth-  
quake region. I thought  
you might like it as a relic.

~~Very truly yours,~~

We are all well and  
fat and happy. Grace is  
back to normal in every  
way.

Will you show this letter  
to Mr. Moore, Mae, and Bernice  
as I will not duplicate it.

Love,  
Douglas.

Luchowfu. Anhwei  
China.

Dec. 17, 1924.

My dear Florence Ann.

I just got a fine four pager from you written on school paper. I've got a little left myself - so I'm going to imagine I am sitting in my cooking room at Slayton writing to you.

My! how I'd love to see you. Isn't it the most aggravating feeling to know we are such miles and miles apart and I won't be back for six years! We'll just have to write often, there is no other way out of it. I have been almost a month without writing to you, and it isn't right. Why is this old world so short of time? Guess - I'll have to budget my day. I study five hours - that takes most of my energy - besides that there is bossing the servants & overseeing most everything they do. I often think I should prefer doing it myself, then there are prayer meetings & church meetings and calls which the girls drag me forth to make, plus some time to love Phyllis and a quite often game of tennis. We are supposed to have a lot of good long evenings but there seem to be so many meetings. and this old intensive studying makes me mentally fatigued so that



I get sleepy about nine o'clock - Oh, well - after this winter I shant study more than an hour a day. Then I can really live maybe.

Your description of M.E.A. made me envious. I have not bought any new clothes for such ages that it surely would be a treat - even to going along with you - while you bought yours. Your new hat sounds fascinating. Hats are so precious out here, just cant be bought most times of the year. I did see some in Peking last year but they were all out of date.

In fact we just go on wearing our winter clothes until there is nothing left of them. You said you wished you knew the color of my wardrobe + you could match it with socks. That made me laugh, for its the same wardrobe I left America with nothing has been made over as yet. I am thinking seriously of doing over my brown dress. I let lace is not original out here for everyone has the China made kind. Also its neck ~~is~~ is a bit too low for China, It not only is different from this year's fashion books - but also is too high in the waist line. How ever do you make over such a waist line? Have you any suggestions. I suppose I should need to ~~make~~ buy some thing else to combine with it.

I never realized how much public opinion governs styles - at home folks have a new hat spring + fall as a matter of course - everyone does it. the old ones are discarded as out of date. Here you are with no place to buy foreign things - so you just go on wearing the same old things until there isn't any left of them + then you turn them + make them over for your kids and after that you give them to the Chinese and they put several layers together + make soles for their shoes. I wore a different dress to prayer meeting the other day and one of the girls said "My! its nice to have some one up here with a new outfit of clothes to look at. We get as we know each others clothes by heart. And we just get so sick of everything we own." So I can see myself five years from now. I am tired of mine already. I <sup>have</sup> a good suit, three wool dresses - + three coats - all good for years. Pleasant prospect isn't it. But isn't it more sensible than giving them to the Salvation army like folks do at home? However I am going to try to revise mine so they will be some where near up to date. So its up to you to keep me informed.


I'll be as glad to get your dyes + flower seeds. Anah + I are going to try and make arge for the



nursery and guest room after the holiday rush is over. The flower seeds sound good to me, yours are such lovely ones. I hope some of them are nasturtiums and sweet peas and pansies. I have none of them. My front yard is a wilderness of ~~the~~ branches + dried cow manure. I can hardly wait until we begin get it looking beautiful. I am going to get a picture of the mess so that I can have a Before and After picture and illustrate an article for Home and Garden some day. Listen to me day dream! My last number of H + G arrived today. My! how I have enjoyed it. Doug + I sit down and go over it together as soon as it comes. This one has several cute ideas that are going to help me in adding things to my nursery. For instance a little rocking chair made of two ducks that our old carpenter can copy for Nuts' birthday.

I sent that raw silk along with your X'mas present. I hope it is enough for two pair of breeches. The amount I sent was five yards wasn't it? It amounts to 1.85 gold - 35¢ a yard. This is a better quality than what I got in Nanking. I have not sent you more than three dollars worth of stuff have I? Has Doug's mother sent you a bag



She had come to sell and I suggested that if she had a blue one left she might send it to you. They are the Nanking tapestry - If she hasn't sent it I still owe you quite a bit. Would you like some silver or copper? These silver smiths here make some lovely things - chains + cuff links + bracelets and pins + all sorts of hair ornaments that the Chinese like and they are dirt cheap. For instance a long chain with a delicate long link such as this  oh! I can't draw it - but you get me - reaching below my waist line in length. Costs about a dollar. They are quite as nice as the expensive German strings.

Our Christmas is almost here. We have seven packages up stairs that came on the last boat - all from my folks + Doug's and our church. It's hard to find presents here - I had a silver chain made for Doug - a cute little shackle that fastens on to his belt and goes into his watch pocket. I found a picture in the W.H. Companion + the man on the street copied it just as cute as you please. Then last summer I sent home money for Sally to send me out a book and a box of real chocolates. We have not seen any since we left home. And he gets a real hankering for them sometimes. We are too poor to spend a whole lot of money this year - It's the spirit that counts anyhow. I got a

bunch of red bells and some tree ornaments from  
Gom. Ward. Today I got the bells in the window  
and the house filled with holly. We have several  
lovely holly bushes in our compound - not many  
berries on it tho. But there is a heavenly bamboo with  
red berries that combines nicely with it. It is  
hardest of all to find things to give Phyllis. We  
have had our carpenter make a kiddie car for her  
& Doug is having fun painting it up. I can get  
a good tooty horn on the street but not much else  
for a kid her size. She'd just love a nice  
wooly lamb to drag behind her on wheels  
maybe. I can get one in Shanghai for her birthday.  
And of course there will be some nice toys in her  
presents from home.

She is getting to be such a sweet red thing.  
I have just finished knitting her a little brown  
dress with bloomers to match. The skirt is only  
about four inches long and it sticks out so cute.  
Every body loves her to pieces in it. She is learning  
so many new words. "all there" is one of her cutest.  
Her tongue gets stuck on the th and she gets all puffed  
up like an old sweet rose bud. I taught her  
to say elbow today. She got it first crack and  
loves to find it for me. Nose & eye she can do too.



I can't get her to say ear. "Mather" she tries  
at very hard but it sounds more like "Buffy"  
She wakes up in the morning & calls me in her  
sweet little sleepy voice, draws it away out.  
She spends most of her play time out door  
with the littlest rickling boy who is six months  
older than she but about her size. They run up &  
down the side walks & play with the big boys  
carts & amish kags at their heels knitting  
as she goes. Phyllis has to come in the house  
every half hour to sit on her chair and I  
always know when she gets near for  
she calls out - "Hee lo Muffy" - Such a good  
natured kiddie. If she asks for a cookie &  
I say no she goes on about her business  
and does not fuss about it. She has had several  
good hard spankings so she knows we ~~know~~ <sup>mean</sup>  
what we say. If Doug comes in the room and  
hears her whining over having to have clothes changed  
he just says "Phyllis!" in a stentorian tone and she shuts  
up like a clam. I only hope we can keep her  
this nice. We are loving her to pieces at present.  
I often wonder if it is wise for me to have such  
an over whelming love for her - but I can't help  
it. The love just comes. Amish takes the drudgery

of tucking her off my shoulders. So that when I get a free hour I can sit down + play with her and love her and she never gets on my nerves. I wouldn't swap my amah for all the rest of my servants put together.

Yes I agree with you that Sally sounds like Bill might make a possible husband - I feel a little leery about it for he is so young and has had no education of any sort. I would not want her to marry any one who couldn't earn money enough to support a family of some nice kids. You can't be really happy without them. I know that. I never was any where near as happy before as I am now. I am miles away from friends + country yet my lovely new home + good pal of a lover and my sweet kiddie fill all the necessary corners of my existence. No - not quite all. I get lonesome for you + Sally often. None of the women up here talk my language exactly. Mrs. Bro comes the nearest to it. But I don't approve of the way she brings up her kids. I got a letter from Grace Alexander today. She sounds the same as ever. I'd love to see her.

P.S. - Doug's folks send us money for a sewing machine. I love you heaps. Can't that fine? Grace